THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1398.

Original Poetry.

SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

TRY IT AGAIN.

Come hear what the bird on the hickory sings,
Whose nest was blown off but a fortnight ago;
In a new one as soft she is folding her wings,
And a new love sits perched on the branches below.
Come hear what she sings to the heart of the poor,
Whose temples have fallen in wind and in rain,
Come hear how she sings a new song that is sure,
To the glorious old carol of TRY IT AGAIN!

What has been badly done cannot perish too soon,
What has been rightly done will not perish at all,
One work towers at eve and one totters at noon,
And we know not their worth till they triumph or fall.
I know it is hard to be toiling so long,
I know it is painful to struggle in vain,
To be broken by sorrow and baffled by wrong,
But the duty of life is to TRY IT AGAIN!

Not a hand on the earth but has labor and task,
Not a heart on the earth but has duty to do,
Success let us merit whenever we ask,
And fear not but God will be tender and true.
And still when we falter and fall in the race,
Or the wreck of our hopes scatters over the plain,
Remember to look with a pitying face
On the work of your brother, and TRY IT AGAIN!

Original Tales.

A LEGEND OF DON PEDRO THE CRUEL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

CHAPTER III.

Our Picture Gallery.

FROM PETERSON'S "MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION."

MOORE'S HOUSE, YORKTOWN,

WHERE THE CAPITULATION WAS SIGNED.

At ten on the morning of the 17th of October, 1781, Cornwallis beat a parley, and proposed a cessation of hostilities for one day, in order to agree on terms for the surrender of Yorktown and Gloucester. Washington granted two hours for Cornwallis to prepare his proposals; and, that no time might be lost, sent in his own. The answer of the British General rendering it probable that but little difficulty would occur in adjusting the terms, Washington consented to the cessation of hostilities. On the 18th the commissioners from the two armies met; but evening arrived before they could agree, except on a rough draft of the terms of surrender. These, however, Washington caused to be copied, and sent them early next morning to Cornwallis, determined not to lose the slightest advantage by delay. He further informed the British General that a definitive answer was expected by eleven o'clock; and that in case of a surrender, the garrison must march out by two in the afternoon. No resource being left, Cornwallis signed.

"Sir cavalier," he said, "you will excuse me, if I remind you, with all the respect which I owe your rank, that after nine o'clock all noise is forbidden in the streets of Seville."

"Who are you, knave?" asked the cavalier, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Silence!" cried Don Pedro, "suffer the magistrate to proceed in the execution of his duty."

All were silent.

"I therefore pronounce against you," continued Juan Pasquale, with undiminished calmness, "the sentence of death! But as your person is sacred, and as no one but God, who has placed the crown upon your head, can touch either that crown or that head, this sentence will be executed upon your effigy; and now that I have fulfilled as far as is in my power the duty imposed upon me by my office, let the executioner fulfil his!"

The headsman raised his sword, and the head of the royal statue, lopped from the trunk, rolled upon the scaffold.

"And now," said Juan Pasquale, "let this head be placed at the corner of the street in which Antonio Mendez was slain, and let it remain there for a month, in memory of the King's crime."

Don Pedro then dismounted, and advancing towards Juan Pasquale, he said, in a calm tone—

"Very worthy *primer asistente* of Seville, I congratulate myself on having confided to you the administration of justice, for I am convinced that I could not have placed it in the hands of any one who merits it as much as you. I therefore confirm you in the office, the duties of which you have, thus far, so loyally and impartially fulfilled. Your sentence is just; let it remain in force; but this head, severed by the hand of the headsman, shall remain, not for a month, but forever exposed to public gaze, that it may transmit to posterity the memory of your sentence."

Don Pedro's orders were obeyed, and even in our days can be seen, at the corner of the street Del Candile, a head, placed in a niche, which, as the people assert, is the same that in the year 13[illegible] was exposed there by the hand of the executioner.

This is the legend of Don Pedro, as it is recounted by the historian Querita, in his Annals of Seville.

Romance of Reality.

ANECDOTE OF ST. DOMINGO.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"Truth is strange; stranger than fiction."

There is not in all probability a more lovely spot on earth than the feud-rent Island of St. Domingo. Nature, as if to compensate to herself for the deficiencies, both moral and physical, of its human features, has lavished upon every other object, both animate and inanimate, a profusion of beauty and brightness, which made Victor Jacquemont, the celebrated traveller, love to designate it "the paradise of the world." The birds, the butterflies, even the very insects which are generally known by the name of *reptiles*, are unusually brilliant in color and graceful in form. Among other winged wonders, the Island is celebrated for a large fly, or rather gnat, which, by making the circuit of an apartment, fills it throughout with a strong scent [illegible]

[illegible]

Rheimbeau, awakened by the sudden contact, and feeling that the frame of his son was convulsed by some strange terror, demanded, hurriedly, the cause of his alarm; but it was a considerable time before the boy could sufficiently control his horror, and command his voice, to explain the nature of his dismay. This was no sooner done, however, than the negro started from the earth. The night was nearly spent, and the sun was rising behind the mountains. In an instant his hatchet was in his hand, and he bounded into the chamber of his wife, and approached the bed. But he saw nothing there to excite either his vengeance or his terror: with a light hand he drew aside the covering which veiled the mother and her babe; they both slept in peace; and after gazing on them for a moment in thankfulness of heart, he looked earnestly round the chamber in search of a concealed enemy. Finally, convinced that a frightful dream had for a time obscured the reason of his son, he returned, and chid him severely for the folly which had led him to assert so horrible a tale; but the continued declarations of the boy filled him with doubt and consternation, and he resolved on the following night to convince himself of the truth.

Enforcing upon the trembling lad the importance of silence, above all towards his mother, he threw on his rug, collected his implements, and went forth to his daily toil, with a heart ill at ease, and yearning for the gloaming. That was a long, long day to the anxious Rheimbeau, but at length his tasks were ended; the crests of the palm-tree grew golden in the beams of the setting sun; another moment, and the blossoms of the wild jasmines glowed like burnished stars; another, and the surface of the lake caught the blended colors of the western hemisphere, and glittered like one wide mosaic of jewels. He soothed his suffering wife, caressed his haggard and pining child, breathed over both the prayer of an aching heart, and left [illegible]

[illegible]

Mother and child were buried in one grave, beneath the shade of a magnificent magnolia; and when the next day dawned the *ajoupa* of Rheimbeau was tenantless.

Our Portrait Gallery.

CORMENIN.

Cormenin, President of the new Council of State in France, is known as one of the bitterest and most powerful pamphleteers that France has produced. His *Timon* and *Orateurs Celebres* are well known; his uncompromising enmity to the *Doctrinaires* has procured him place and power in the new system. Mons. Vattemare has received intelligence from Paris that M. Cormenin is employed in framing the *projet* of the new Constitution. He is strongly prepossessed in favor of our American institutions.

Pictures of Life.

LUCK VS. LOQUACITY: OR, THE Tribulations of a Talkative Man.

BY L. WILMER.

"You are no believer in ill-luck, then?" queried my particular friend, Anthony Hopkins.

"You mistake," answered I. "I do believe in ill luck; but I am induced to think that your misadventures are attributable to another cause."

"Come—I will recount my history here in the presence of Mr. Hartley, and let him judge between us."

"We shall compromise with you and take a mere outline, instead of a circumstantial piece of biography."

"Well; I shall not be as tedious as some of my predecessors in the autobiographical line. If I begin to dilate, check me."

"I will avail myself of this rocking-chair, and if your discourse becomes too narcotic, you may rely upon it that I will be a quiet listener."

[illegible]

"What was my amazement and consternation, therefore, when, at the first pause in my oratory, instead of the cordial concurrence I expected, old Meggs broke out with the following exclamation:

"'I am astonished to hear any person pretending to common sense talk in that way. I have been woefully deceived in you, young man, taking you to be a person of some judgment and discretion. But, thank Heaven, I have found you out in time; and now let me tell you that I would rather see my daughter devoured by sharks, or ground up in a bark mill, than wedded to so much prejudice and illiberality.'

"It was several minutes before I could recover from the stupefaction occasioned by this speech. Then I conceived a faint hope that Mr. Meggs was amusing himself with a joke at my expense. But soon the whole truth flashed upon my mind; for the appearance of the old man would not permit me to doubt the sincerity of his rage. His eyes protruded, his whole frame trembled, and his countenance was suffused with a dark purple. I attempted to explain, to apologise, to retract—to do anything, in short, for the sake of making my peace—but it was all to no purpose. The choleric old fellow pointed significantly to the door, and turning right-about face, marched away, leaving me to execrate the unlucky chance that so disastrously terminated such a promising negotiation.

[illegible]

"I had addressed the court for an hour, with undoubted good effect; one of the judges remarked that the case was sufficiently clear, and every one perceived that a decision was about to be given in our favor, when it occurred to me that the bench might not be completely satisfied in one particular point, which was the weak side of our argument, and which, as it appeared afterward, the judicial dignitaries had entirely overlooked. The moment I broached this part of the subject a new light seemed to flash over the court. A new train of interrogations was propounded to the witnesses; and in five minutes the tables were turned; my client was adjudged to be defeated, and I was overwhelmed with vexation, confusion and dismay. A titter went through the bar, accompanied by such exclamations as 'fool!' 'prating idiot!' 'babbling donkey!' The gentleman I had defended was so enraged at this unexpected result of the suit—a result which, as you must admit, was purely accidental—that he reproached me at the door of the court house, before a crowd of attorneys, witnesses, and other persons, and the affair was talked of so much to my disadvantage, that my first client was my last. My books and office fixtures were soon after seized for arrearages of rent, and I was left in a state of absolute destitution. My friends and relations were so much disgusted and discouraged with my untoward fortune, that they refused to lend me any assistance; hinting that my faults and deficiencies were such as to preclude all hope of my success at the bar.

"It is a common resource of attorneys whom an undiscerning public has refused to patronize, to turn politicians; for pettifogging is thought to be an excellent preparatory study for him who wishes [illegible]

[illegible]

"Ah—but you are fond of a joke?"

"I am altogether serious. You see, in the first place, with a friend who was willing to lend you a thousand dollars. That was a wonderful instance of good luck. You made a favorable impression on two young ladies with handsome dowers, and might have had either of them but for your own improvidence. More good luck. Then you were in a fair way to succeed in your profession; you were blessed with chances of distinguishing yourself at the bar at the very outset; whereas, the most of young lawyers are obliged to drag on for years with but little encouragement. Finally, you had recommended yourself as a patriot to the favorable regards of your fellow-countrymen, and opened a good chance for obtaining public employment. In all these things, fortune, luck, or accident befriended you; but your foolish prosperity in no way much defeated every thing. Had you been wise enough to build your league at the right time, you would have been eminently prosperous."

This obvious truth seemed to strike Hopkins for the first time; so incredibly dull is every man to recognize his own failings—and so unwilling to be let acquainted with his "ill-luck," to his own mismanagement. After a pause of some minutes, Hopkins suddenly exclaimed, "Mr. Bartlett's dead!"

"My friend," said he, "you are right, and I am thankful for your reproof. It is not yet too late, perhaps, to profit by it. I am resolved, from this time forth, to cease speaking the very moment when it shall appear that I have said enough."

He kept his word, and in all the subsequent affairs of his life—in his financial, matrimonial, professional, and political experiences—every thing succeeded to his hand. His conversation now is exceedingly terse and sententious. He utters short, pithy sayings worthy of Solomon or Poor Richard, one of which is—"Never be afraid of saying too little; silence is safe, and the latter is the essence of wisdom as well as the soul of wit."

Reader, if there are inclined to be talkative, take heed to the tongue, nor profit by the experience of Anthony Hopkins.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1848.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in arrears to the late firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will see the propriety of sending on the various amounts due, as soon as possible, as after that we may close our old accounts. As our new movements to enlarge and beautify the Post will subject us to large additional weekly expenses, we shall be under the necessity of being more exact than heretofore in our collections and payments. We trust our subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose means to-day are exemplified in deep iron and low, will not be fault with us for so doing, but will continue to cherish the old friendly feeling towards the Post and its proprietors.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the SATURDAY POST; for if they do not then continued in time advantage of our liberal offer. Remember, that they will obtain our Paper for no other publication and responsible person, who will be willing to do so. We think them sound for no great difficulty in getting subscribers in the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it combines all competition. Let it be remembered, too, that the postage is not in any sense a first class paper, as on the cheapest and purest of the small reprints.

OUR PREMIUM.

We are afraid that our subscribers generally are not bearing in mind our premium offer made in our Prospectus to the Post Office starting on the largest number of subscribers. Nothing can be lost by endeavoring to win the premium, while whatever office succeeds will have its papers sent free for nothing.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

A STORY

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Determined to leave nothing unsaid to maintain for the Museum For the reputation it has acquired at being the "Best Weekly Paper of America," we have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have secured the services of the well known and rapidly increasing favorite author that we shall open the Summer Campaign, with the publication of a new story by the pen of the pure-minded and thrilling American writer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

We shall commence the publication of Mrs. Stephens's story in the early part of June next.

It is hardly necessary to add that those who have it in contemplation to subscribe to the Post during the coming season, will do well to make the advantage to send on their names by the first or next month, in time for the opening of Mrs. Stephens's story. We shall print a large number of extra copies, but anticipating that they may be out, it will be hardly possible to supply the great demand for back numbers. We have plan in these matters to subscribe, is to send on their names as soon as convenient—as they not only the readers a favor upon us, by letting us know to what extent to work, but enable us to avoid the disappointment of receiving their papers fresh in all their departments.

FRANCE STILL ERECT.

The news from France by the Britannia is particularly gratifying. The triumph of the moderate portion of the Provisional Government has been complete. Lamartine and his colleagues have been sustained by the people. The National Guards, who were originally composed of the middle class, have been supported by a large portion of the workmen in Paris, enlisted against the true friends of freedom, and the people have been disarmed. The Provisional Government are now in complete control of the whole country. The Government was rendered absolute.

It is singular how the old policies of the first French Revolution are springing up again, and are regarded by the minor spirit of the age. Louis Blanc seems to be but a second edition of Danton—although a much smaller edition. On the other side, the Guardians of safety years ago—that party which was known as the Girondists—at least exhibit, and most nobly, eloquent, magnanimous which the same principles are now advocated by the fitting representatives in Lamartine, Marrast, Arago, and Dupont de Eure. But the Guardians of the present day have the advantage of the past generations. Not in two but Lamartine possessed over the history of the first Revolution, and emboldened their valour and their moderation by the lessons of experience. Danton, Robespierre, Lamartine and his colleagues stood out practical sagacity, an energy and a moderation which the world has never witnessed before. They are not generally looked for in the hands of either inherent in every strong man. They have been tested to stern force against force, and to know the characters of the Lamartine party by a sense of the National Guards, and subdues of the line.

The immediate cause of the difficulty between the two parties that compose the Provisional Government, as remarked in our last, was the question of Foreign Loans, to another extent. There is patronage to be exercised, there are financial figures, whose turn to become figures, there are foreign loans to be negotiated, and the question between the Girondists of the Provisional Government and the Jacobins of the Luxembourg originated in a secondary order of a most radical and arbitrary character, having reference to the Bank of France, and the Rothschild. Probably both accounts are correct. Causes of difficulty there were a thousand, and the Lamartine, and a more trifling one Louis Blanc, must be considered.

Every thing seems now to depend on Lamartine and his colleagues, and the energy with which they are supported by the people. The latter have shown by the Departments of France at large. It is most probable that the Provisional Government, the party, or the Conservative, for they seem to be one, are chiefly strong in the cities, and not so much in the other large towns. The operations of the country are probably more moderate in their demands. There the Provisional Government, or any other Government, is under the necessity of restraint in its acts, and circumscribed entirely on principles of the most perfect and exact justice. It is to be hoped that they perceive this, and that Lamartine must, or political freedom—not so much as an end, but as a condition in which it is possible to attain other blessings, and attain them in a safe and permanent.

If, however, the Communists and Socialists of the present day, on the Terrorists of the old Revolution, succeed in overthrowing the moderate Republican party in France, the reign of democratic excitement and bloodshed is almost inevitable—The people, a time, and under such circumstances, are reckless beasts—but the strongest beasts will not exhibit more of the ferocity of human nature. If those leaders attempt to re-construct society in France from its foundations, they may succeed in pulling down the old edifice, but it will be the amount of their success. They will create new and confusion—until their arts follow are disgusted, and order, even if it be as before, the despotic rule of an Emperor, will reign once more in Paris.

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS."

Misled by the title-page of this work, we supposed that it was by the author of "Jane Eyre." We have since learned that this is not the fact, so indeed a portion of the work would entirely say otherwise. Jane Eyre is one of the most fascinating and powerful works we ever read. Some, more nice than wise, may have found fault with its morality, to consider it highly moral. Persons that take exception to the life of David, "the man after God's own heart," in the Bible. The character of Rochester is a noble one in spite of his faults and crimes and vices. For his greatest crime he is pursued by remorse, and by blindness. He does not rebel, but bows beneath the punishment which he considers he has merited. And in the end, in him we have a nature which from its very force and fertility, runs continually into excess—wanting the controlling influence of a well regulated moral education. In St. John, on the other hand, we have a character of the most pure and elevated tone, "a pure ore dead by rust in pure." It is Manhood developed and Christianized.

But we did not sit down to write a criticism on "Jane Eyre." It was only to warn our readers not to be misled by the title of "Wuthering Heights," by the false statement that it is by the same author. The latter is a book of the most unearthly feeling, but entirely bad. It can hardly be considered moral, and those who read it will never take pleasure in reading it. There is no beauty in its pages.

"Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey," (the last work has not yet been published in this country) are said, by the last Express, to be by three brothers, Currer Bell, Ellis Bell, and Acton Bell. This is probably a misconception. If Jane Eyre is not the production of a woman, we are most egregiously mistaken.

FROM VENEZUELA.

A correspondent of the Courrier des States, under date of April 6th, respecting matters and things in that part of the world. It is not safe that the statements of correspondents of the Philadelphia papers that Salas was exiled in their Congress by Garcia, is correct. "Salas was murdered in the street, going out of the door of the Convent of Saint Francis by the Government troops who were on guard in search and kill the convent occupants."

Gen. Paez, being justly supported, has been invited by the Government to return to the Republic or New Granada. The Government army, there fore, have declared for the Conservative party, and incarcerations—as well as attack from the troops of the Government at Puerto Cabello, Trujillo, Barquisimeto, and Coro, which have proclaimed in favor of Paez it may be, that the Government will be forced to the saving star to New Granada, is to join the troops of these provinces—if he has no such intention, the fact of his having left the city of Caracas, and not perhaps give such courage to the other party: to see that the Governor of the Island of Margarita was dare before the writing of our correspondent). Carupano, supposed to have been in the hands of the convent, to give the rank of General to Carlos named Manes. Much opposition was made to this, and a mob attempted to assassinate him, but he "was too much for them" to overcome it. Our correspondent says—"Luckily it was time to adjourn, and we they dispersed."

BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.

A quiet Colonel, or Yankeeman, to a recent lecture on Moses, at Cincinnati, in which the lecturer said his hearers with a few new Scriptural readings. Mr. Richmond was the principal leader of the Mormons by an allusion to the courtship of Abraham and Sarah, followed up the lecturer by introducing the most interesting portion of Isaac's courtship to Jacob, and entirely avoiding the impropriety or his sustenance by eating the Mexican corn-cob is spoke at the end of a story: as an example. Some of the associations of "old man eloquent" would not exactly suit the present day.

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THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

We insert the following sample of times as they used to be, for the especial gratification of those who are continually praising about the old good times"—blinding their eyes to the fact that these times are about the best times, if history is to be credited, that have dawned upon the earth since great Adam Adam and his sorting company, passed through the Garden of Paradise, the world being

all before them where to choose.

Extract from the Boston Gazette:

This sample is taken from the days of the "massacre," (as the tories of England still call him), and "the sufferings of a single man" in the aristocratic régime of "slandering printers":

"In the year 1770, according to the Town Records, there were 4,500—and after being regarded from latter part of 1769, 2,000 Inhabitants, as the fact of a military in Westminster—to there be whipped—if any one of the said Soldiers will be at the Pains to do it—to be hooded in the face with a double fit for it—and to be Drummed out of the Regiment with Infamy, and have his other ear cut off."

Advantage to such as their names by the few or more month, in time for the opening of Mrs. Stephens's story. We shall print a large number of extra copies, but anticipating that they may be out, it will be hardly possible to supply the great demand for back numbers. We have plan in these matters to subscribe, is to send on their names as soon as convenient—as they not only the readers a favor upon us, by letting us know to what extent to work, but enable us to avoid the disappointment of receiving their papers fresh in all their departments.

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CANADA.

From notices in the Canada papers, we perceive that the Revolutions in Europe are not without their natural effect upon our Canadian brethren. The Montreal Transcript, of a recent date, contains the following paragraph:

"Information is received that the "secret meeting," to which we letters have not reported since the "nightly convention," and their object. We have heard that the "Sons of Liberty" of the Province. We have heard information indeed, that the "Sons of Liberty" have actually entered the land of the 7 young republicans" with a speech, and that they have been "arrested for drilling" in Dublin. The penalty, on conviction, is transportation for seven years."

Well, however, the arming of the people goes on, and the secret meetings of the Public Schools. A Limerick paper, in alluding to the state of the country, says—"We have no authority which we have the best reason to trust, that in a quarter not quite a thousand miles from Limerick, men are nightly engaged in practising the pike exercise."

Some yet believe that all the excitement will end in smoke—that there will be no fire, no conflagration. Perhaps so. But if not now, sooner or later, unless England evinces a greater disposition to do justice, appears to us inevitable in Ireland.

CHOLERA AND INFLUENZA.

The Sanitary Commissioners appointed by the English Government to investigate the Cholera and Influenza are disease intimately connected, and that the former is generated in the latter. *Influenza is far more dangerous than the former.* Last year, 14,000 persons died of Influenza in London, 1000 persons, making for the space of eleven weeks 6,143 deaths per week above the usual number. The Influenza is a nervous mortality produced by the Cholera in the twenty-one weeks during which it prevailed. Typhus, or the "gaol fever," is Diarrhœa developed to a monstrous form by a depressed state of the nervous system. Consumption and Insurance Company of various denominations, from $100 down to $1, amounting to from $50,000 to $1,000. Of these, we have not yet received the payment of which has been stopped.

Fraudulent agents: be getting rather thick of late. We would suggest to our Newark friends, however, that they are not to be compared to the Sacking Company, to insure the next money they entrust to their President.

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IRELAND.

The proclamation by the Confederates against Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Meagher and Mitchell commanded on the 12th ult. Two bills were found against them by the Grand Jury on every count of the indictment. It is reported that the Government will challenge every juror in the panel, who signed the declaration of loyalty in Dublin, on the ground that they have not properly pledged the case. Should such a challenge be sustained, the Jury will consist of a few tories—chiefly Orange Repealers. It is hardly probable, however, that such a course would be sustained by the Court.

Seven yet believe that all the excitement will end in smoke—that there will be no fire, no conflagration. Perhaps so. But if not now, sooner or later, unless England evinces a greater disposition to do justice, appears to us inevitable in Ireland.

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GEORGE E. JAMES, 102 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for Southern and South-Western States, assisted by Lieut. E. F. Beale, U. S. Navy, Wm. H. Bell, and E. F. Gregg, Jr., of Philadelphia. The following gentlemen have also been duly appointed: Messrs. Vernon, Brown, & Co., of Mississippi, Holmes, Collamer and Cobb, of Alabama, after which the debate was closed.

A scene of confusion and disorder ensued, a number of ridiculous amendments being offered, entirely foreign to the subject, which the Committee finally rose, and the bill, without being amended, was reported. Adjourned.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for the State of Maryland.

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WM. H. GRAHAM, is our AGENT for the City of New York.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 3rd, on motion of Mr. Hannegan, the President's message in relation to Texas was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

On motion of Mr. Westcott the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads was discharged from the further consideration of the bill providing for the construction of a railroad connecting the Mississippi river with the river Illinois at Chicago. Upon this bill a debate sprung up, in which it was participated in by Messrs. Taylor, Breese, Niles, Bagby, Cattenden and Benton.

After discussing the bill for a time, it was amended, was put upon its final passage, and passed, 31 ayes to 15 nays.

On the 4th, Mr. Hannegan, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill to enable the President to take military possession of Texas, for the consideration of the bill just reported. Another bill had to do with the Texas question.

Mr. Hannegan said he was not disposed to press the measure; his wish was a case of deliberation and speech, and a day's delay might be fatal to the whole undertaking.

Mr. Hale desired to know whether the President had entered into the contemplated treaty, or made any negotiations for the proposals from Texas? Mr. Hannegan said he did not.

Mr. Hannegan said that immediate action should be had upon the subject. He complained that Mr. Allen's message had caused delay and embarrassment on this subject, though he was ready enough to vote for the resolutions of Mr. Allen, and for the President's message upon this subject.

Mr. Allen, in reply, saying that he saw no reason in the message to reduce great caution—he did not suppose the President could send a treaty to Congress, and in response would grant resolutions of this kind. He thought the Senate could lead the way in this matter. Every day's delay of Mexico, complaining that proceedings had been taken against her, and that the Texas could take from the 20th of March up to this time, was a matter which he could not account for or reconcile. We have been driven into this measure by the conduct of Mexico—we must, and should, therefore, be careful how we act upon this subject.

Mr. Niles, in reply, defended the Administration and the message of the President.

Mr. Calhoun briefly rejoined, after which the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading. Messrs. Cass, Calhoun, Hannegan, Niles and others, then addressed the Senate on the bill, when the yeas and nays being taken on the passage of the bill, it was decided in the negative, by a vote of 26 yeas to 27 nays, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Atherton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Cass, Cattenden, Hannegan, Lewis, Mangum, Niles, Pennybacker, Sevier, Sturgeon, Tallmadge, Turney, Walker, Wright, Yulee—26.

NAYS—Messrs. Archer, Bates, Berrien, Calhoun, Choate, Clayton, Crittenden, Dayton, Evans, Huntington, Jarnagin, Merrick, Miller, Phelps, Rives, Simmons, Upham, Woodbridge, Woodbury—21.

The Senate's amendment to the bill repealing the reduction at Greenville, was taken by yeas and nays and concurred in, yeas 31, nays 16.

A message was received praying for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and referred.

On the 5th, the Speaker presented a communication respecting the present of a Portrait of Dr. Taylor, by Chapman, transmitted through Mr. Walsh, U. S. Consul at Paris. Referred to the Committee on the Library.

Mr. Stewart presented resolutions declaratory of the Taylor principles, adopting the principles presented in the General's letter. Laid over.

On the 6th, the bill to repeal the Tariff was went into Committee of the Whole. Mr. Bedinger in the chair. Mr. Hunter, of Va., moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill. The motion was discussed by Messrs. Vinton, Brown, and Gilmer, and finally elected Messrs. Hunter, Gilmer and Cobb, of Alabama, after which the debate was closed.

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LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

We have news from Vera Cruz to the 23d ult. The Court of Inquiry was still in session, and it was thought would not adjourn for three weeks. Gen'l. Scott was still in attendance. It is said he is in fine health.

There is yet no quorum of the Mexican Congress at Queretaro. It would seem by the general opinion that the Treaty, as it stands, will not be ratified.

The Mexican Republicano of the 16th ultimo, says that the village of Dolores with a party of his followers, while another portion had gone against the village of Valle de Bravo, in the vicinity of which he has become formidable. They had the Alcalde in irons, and were on the point of hanging him, when the Alcalde begged for time—to suck the village of San Diego del Rio.

FROM YUCATAN.

The Cuban publishes a letter from Com. Perry dated, at Sisal, 30th May, giving some further information from Tuxtaze.

The Indians were still gaining ground; and the Whites, without attempting the least defence, continue to fly towards the coast. The United States Schooner Porpoise, Lieut. Com'g Hunter, arrived from Tuxtaze on the 27th, and sailed on the 29th for Campeachy, with one hundred of the poorer classes, who were in a state of the most destitute condition.

"Lieutenant Commanding Hunter, of the Porpoise, has acted in the most philanthropic manner, and has received the highest praise from the Governor of Yucatan for his conduct. He has also received a very large share, especially of all armed Indians."

Political Intelligence

DEFINING POSITIONS.

We publish on the first page, a letter of General Cass from Stony Clay, declining his position. We also publish a letter from Gen. Taylor, declining to be considered as a candidate—some ready to publish may be seen from either or all of the Democratic candidates, declining therein. Gen. Taylor's letter is addressed to his brother-in-law, Capt. Allison, and is as follows:

LETTER FROM GENERAL TAYLOR.

Baton Rouge, April 21, 1848.

Dear Sir:—My opinions have never been so often misconstrued and misrepresented, that I feel at a loss, at times, if not to my friends, to make a brief exposition of them upon the topics of the day which are calculated to excite.

I have consented to be a candidate for the office of President of the United States, if I have frankly declared my views and opinions to many friends and to the country, that, at the solicitation of friends, I would consent to be a candidate, I do not feel at liberty to surrender that consent to the use of my name, and would not if I could receive from it. I will then most gladly do it, if I can be relieved from the position I occupy, as party property is build up, or content to preach—and practice—the doctrine.

I have been very often addressed by letter, and my opinions have been sought upon almost every question that might occur to the writers as affecting the public interest, and I have, in my replies, given my sincere opinions freely and candidly.

I have never been a party leader, and have always been opposed to the exercise of party discipline which will regulate my political bias, I am not bound to support any one or more persons for political legislation to give solemn pledges to exercise executive duties in a way to secure the election of defeat that measure. I have no constituency to whom to appeal, and to whom I am bound by party assembled conventions, but reside on persons of my own choice, and can vote for the man I think and wrong to misuse, are, perhaps, but the best evidence of office. I am, then, not bound to run if without pledges cannot be reasonably expected, and will not be bound to respond to your inquiries.

I will reiterate what I have often said—I am a Whig, but not an ultra Whig. Is elected I would not be the mere President of a party. I would endeavor to act independent of party domination. I would be the President of the whole people, and unhampered by party schemes.

I am not the candidate of any party. The power given by the Constitution to the Executive to interpose his veto to the passage of measures of legislation, I would never exercise except in cases wherein the Constitution was violated, or manifest injustice done. Indeed, I have thought that the veto power was conferred upon the Executive for the protection of the executive and under the supervision of the legislative department of the Government; and that the Executive should never exercise it except in danger of undergoing a great change from its true character as the President of the whole people, who may happen to occupy the Executive chair. I have thought that the action of Congress upon questions of domestic policy, not ought but objectionable, should generally be regarded as the constitutional power have been settled by the various decisions of the Government and acquiesced in by the people.

Should I pass the subject of the tariff, the currency, the improvements of our great highways, the navy, the army, and the disposition of the people, as expressed through their representatives, I might be expected and carried out by the Executive.

Texas. The Mexican war. I sincerely regret that the annexation of Mexico to the United States is now, yet I look upon war at all times, and under all circumstances, as one of the greatest evils to be avoided compatible with national honor. The annexation of Texas would, as well as in the past policy, are opposed to the subjugation of other nations, and the establishment of military governments by conquest. In the language of the great Washington, "Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground?" In the Mexican war our success has been unparalleled, but what has been the result? Are we stronger? Are we more respected? Are we more powerful? Are we more united? Are we not more subject than ever to sectional divisions? Are we not more subject than ever to sectional divisions? Are we not more subject than ever to sectional divisions

Selected Poetry.

A DIRGE

Weep not for her! Oh she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion, seem'd to claim her from her birth;
A spirit wander'd from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-linked, shadeless months of Polar light;
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While Echo answers from the flowery brake,
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich, romantic hues;
When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees;
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither or her hopes grow dark;
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She passed as 'twere in smiles from earth to Heaven.
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years;
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from Friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry world alone to be;
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wip'd from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes;
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal year,
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night;
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—There is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it track
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back:
So, when a few fleet severing years are flown,
She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate—and lead thee on;
Weep not for her!

The Moralist.

LETTERS

FROM HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO HIS SON: ON THE BIBLE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

LETTER IX. AND LAST.

The fourth and last point of view in which I proposed to offer you some general observations upon the Scriptures, was with reference to literature; and the first remark that presents itself is, that the five books of Moses are the most ancient monuments of written language now extant in the world; the book of Job is nearly of the same date, and by many of the Jewish and Christian commentators is thought to have been written by Moses. The employment of alphabetical characters are to represent all the articulations of the human voice, is the greatest invention that ever was compassed by human genius. Plato says "that it was the discovery either of a God, or a man divinely inspired." The Egyptians ascribed it to Thot, whom the Greeks afterward worshipped under the name of Hermes. This is, however, a fabulous origin. That it was an Egyptian invention there is little doubt; and it was a part of that learning of the Egyptians, in all of which we are told "Moses was versed." It is probable that when Moses wrote, this art was, if not absolutely recent, of no very remote invention. There was but one copy of the law written in a book, it was deposited in the Ark of the Covenant, and was read aloud once in seven years, to all the people at their general assembly in the Feast of Tabernacles there was one other copy of the law written upon stone, erected on Mount Ebal. It does not appear that there existed any other copies. In process of time the usage of reading it thus must have been dropped, and the monument upon Mount Ebal must have perished; for in the reign of Josiah, about 800 years afterward, the book of the law was found in the temple. How long it had been lost is not expressly told; but from the astonishment and consternation of Josiah upon hearing the book read, its contents must have long been forgotten, so that scarcely a tradition of them remained. We are indeed told that when the Ark of the Covenant was deposited in the temple of Solomon, there was nothing in the ark save the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb. The two tables contained not the whole law, but the ten commandments: the book of the law was therefore no longer in the ark, at the dedication of Solomon's Temple, that is, about 500 years after the law was given, and 300 before the book was found by Hezekiah the high priest in the 18th year of Josiah. From these circumstances, as well as from the expedients used by Moses and Joshua, for preserving the ceremonial law and the repeated covenant between God and the people, it is observed that the art and practice of writing was extremely rare, and that very few of the people were even taught to read; that there were few books extant, and of those few, only single copies; the art of writing, speaking and thinking with their several modifications of grammar, rhetoric and logic, were never cultivated among the Hebrews, as they were (though not till a thousand years later than Moses) among the Greeks. Philosophical research, and the spirit of analysis appeared to have belonged among the ancient nations exclusively to the Greeks; they studied language as a science, and from the discoveries they made in this pursuit, resulted a system of literary compositions founded upon logical deductions. The language of the ancient writers was not constructed upon the foundation of abstruse science; it partakes of the nature of all primitive languages, which is almost entirely figurative; and in some degree of the character of primitive writing and hieroglyphics. We are not told from what materials Moses compiled the Book of Genesis, (which contains the history of the creation, and of 500 years succeeding it, which terminates three generations prior to the birth of Moses himself;) whether he had it altogether from tradition, or whether he collected it from the more ancient written or printed memorials. The account of the creation, of the fall of man, and all the antediluvian part of the history, carries strong internal evidences of having been copied or (if I may so express myself) translated from hieroglyphic or symbolical record; the story is of the most perfect simplicity, the discourses of the persons introduced are given as if taken down verbatim from their mouths, and the narrative is scarcely anything more than the connecting link of the discourses; the genealogies are given with great precision; and this is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the Old Testament; the rest is all figurative; the Rib, the Garden, the Tree of Life and the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the Apple, the Serpent are all images which seem to indicate a hieroglyphic origin. All the historical books, both of the Old and New Testaments, retain the peculiar characteristics that I have noticed; the simplicity and brevity of the narrative, the practice of repeating all discourses in the identical words spoken, and the constant use of figurative symbolical and allegorical language. But of the rules of composition, prescribed by the Grecian schools, the unities of Aristotle, or the congruities of figures taught by the Greek philologians, not a feature is to be seen. The Psalms are a collection of songs; the Song of Solomon is a pastoral Poem; the Proverbs are a collection of moral sentences and maxims apparently addressed by Solomon to his son, with the addition of others of the same description; the Prophetical books are partly historical and partly pastoral—they contain the narrative of visions and revelations of the Deity to the Prophets who recorded them. In the New Testament the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are historical,—they contain memories of the life of Christ and some of His Apostles, and the proceedings of some of His principal Apostles, for some years after His decease. The simplicity of the narrative is the same as that of the Old Testament; the style in general indicates an age when reading and writing had become more common and books more multiplied. The Epistles of Paul are the productions of a mind educated in the learning of the age and well versed in the Grecian literature; from his history it appears that he was not only capable of maintaining an argument with the Doctors of the Jewish law, but of discussing principles with the Stoic and Epicurean philosophers; his speech at Athens is a specimen of eloquence worthy of an audience in the native country of Demosthenes. The Apocalypse of John resembles in many respects some of the prophetical books of the Old Testament; the figurative, symbolical and allegorical language of these books, show a range of imagination conceivable only to be the record of dreams and visions—their language is in many parts inexplicably obscure. It has been, and it is to this day among the follies and vices of many sects of Christians to attempt explanations of them adapted to certain purposes and opinions. The style of most of the books, either of the Old or New Testament affords a general model for imitation to a writer of the present age. The principles and rules for composition derived from Greek and Roman schools and the example of their principal writers, have been so generally adopted in modern literature that the Scriptures—differing so essentially from them—could not be imitated without great affectation; but for pathos of narrative; for the selection of incidents that go directly to the heart; for the picturesque of character and manner; the selection of circumstances that mark the individuality of persons; for copiousness, grandeur and sublimity of imagery; for unanswerable cogency and closeness of reasoning, and for irresistible force of persuasion, no book in the world deserves to be so unceasingly studied, and so profoundly meditated upon as the Bible.

I shall conclude here the series of letters, which I proposed about two years ago to write you for the purpose of exhorting you to search the Scriptures, and of pointing out to your consideration the general points of application, with a view to which, I thought this study might be made profitable to the improvement and usefulness of your future life. There are other and particular points to which I may hereafter occasionally invite your attention. I am sensible how feeble and superficial what I have written has been, and every letter has convinced me more and more of my own incompetency to the adequate performance of the task I had assumed; but my great object was to show you the importance of devoting your own faculties to this pursuit; to read the Bible is of itself a laudable occupation and can scarcely fail of being a useful employment of time; but the habit of reflecting upon what you have read is equally essential as that of reading itself, to give it all the efficacy of which it is susceptible. I therefore recommend to you to set apart a small portion of every day to read one or more chapters of the Bible, and always read it with reference to some particular train of observation or reflection. In these letters I have suggested to you four general ones. Considering the Scriptures as Divine Revelations; as historical records; as a system of morals; and as literary compositions. There are many other points of view in which they may be subjects of useful investigation. As an expedient for fixing your attention, make it also a practice for some time to minute down in writing your reflections upon what you read from day to day; you may perhaps at first find this irksome, and your reflections scanty and unimportant, but they will soon become both easy and copious. Be careful of all not to let your reading make you a pedant, or a bigot; let it never puff you up with pride, or a conceited opinion of your own knowledge, nor make you intolerant of the opinions which others draw from the same source, however different from your own. And may the merciful Creator, who gave the Scriptures for our instruction, bless your study of them, and make them to you "fruitful of good works!"

From your affectionate father,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

LORD BACON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This eminent man was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and was born in London in the year 1560. He early displayed proofs of possessing fine talents; and at the early age of thirteen years he entered the University of Cambridge—where he distinguished himself by his unwearied efforts for acquiring knowledge. After remaining the length of time necessary, he graduated. As it was customary for young men, in those times, to visit foreign countries (particularly France) for the purpose of completing their educations, and an opportunity offering, by the departure of an ambassador for Paris, Bacon embarked for that city. There he staid three years; during that time he made himself familiar with the workings of the institutions and laws of the country. On his return home he determined to study the law—and to accomplish that end, entered Gray's Inn in his 20th year. He made great progress in his studies and soon attracted the attention of Queen Elizabeth, who bestowed on him, when but 27 years of age, the office of "Counsel Extraordinary."

When James the First ascended the throne, Bacon saw a field wherein he might exercise his ambitious plans with advantage; and he allowed no circumstance to escape him, which would, in any manner, contribute to the success of his schemes. They proved fortunate, and a succession of honors were the fruits which he reaped. In the year 1603, he was created a knight; sixteen years afterward Lord High Chancellor of England, Baron Verulam; and in the succeeding year Viscount St. Albans.

Bacon was not, however, destined to enjoy these honors long. He was charged with having received money for offices and privileges under the seal of state—was found guilty—deprived of his office of Lord High Chancellor, and incapacitated from holding any office again. After this severe lesson he retired to private life, and died on the 9th day of April, 1626, in the 66th year of his age. J. H.

Wit and Humor.

A POSTILION IN LUCK.

Madame Cinti Damoreau, the famous French vocalist, who travelled in this country some years ago, tells a very good story of one of her travelling experiences in France.

She was travelling in a post-chaise, and the postilion, who rode one of the horses, took so many glasses of eau de vie, to fortify his stomach against the cold, that he became, *non sequitur*, or in other words, extremely tipsy. His great-coat lay on the back of one of his horses, and after sliding out of place from the jolting of the animal, fell into the road. The postilion noticed it, dismounted, picked it up and laid it on his horse.

"I'm in luck," said he, with a hiccup—"I've found a great-coat."

A little while afterwards the same accident occurred to the coat. The postilion picked it up again.

"I've found another coat," said he.

The circumstance was repeated a third time.

"By Jupiter!" said the postilion, "this road is full of over-coats. However, I've got three besides my own, and curse me if I get off again."

With these words he rode on to Marseilles, without finding any other surtouts, but unluckily lost his own.—*Yankee Blade.*

A RICH APPEAL.

A subscriber residing in Quincy, Florida, sends us the following anecdote, which he says is true:

An amusing scene occurred on the 1st of January (in Quincy) between Captain D's servant and a gentleman of this place. "Good morning, Mr C———," said the negro, touching his hat and bowing a dozen times, "glad to see you, sir; have been looking for you ever since the first day of Crismass. I discovered for your room, and after knocking at the door I had to excuse myself because you wont in. I ascertained for you and presumed you were gone to Columbus. I know such a looking gentleman as you wont refuse to give me a Crismass gift for my waiting on you at the party over the river; and you can just outshine any of the gentleman what was over thar 'case you just got the brass on your face. Now let me beg you never shave that brass off, 'case whiskers is what makes me and my master shine so well. If you resire giving me a gift, you will please do it now, for me and my master do contend going south for our health, and we contend abscending after hearing the Bishop extenerwate the Scripter, and my deffermation takes place.

DEMOCRACY.—Can anybody tell us what a democrat is? De Tocqueville is the best author we ever read, and he makes him out to be a man who is ready to expose life and fortune for the good of his country. Mr. Jefferson designated him as a man who sought the greatest good of the greatest number; Doctor Johnson, when Madame Pozzy said to him, after he had guzzled a quart of gin at St. James' Coffee House, "Pray, dear Doctor, what is a democrat?" replied, "Madam, he's a ragged-tail beggar, who would reduce crown and people to his own level."

The late and lamented Preserved Fish took quite another view of the case, and was decided in the opinion, that the man who wouldn't run through Broadway, from Whitehall to Harlem, in his shirt to promote the election of General Jackson, was no democrat!—*N. Y. Atlas.*

CROSS READINGS.—A droll fellow was asked by an old lady to read the newspaper, and taking it up, began, as follows:—

"Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old bought a flip custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it, broke his right ankle off above the left knee, fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years after that on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers; a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and knocked the old Dutch church down and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Bosting, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his Aunt Peter."

The old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed: "Du tell!"

ASTRONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.—A number of star-gazing Parisians were lately gathered round an enormous telescope in the streets of Paris, and taking their turns in gazing at the firmament at sixpence a sight.

Two sons of Mars, or rather verdant conscripts, were among the crowd, while the showman in a loud voice was running through with the names of the heavenly bodies.

"Do you know what staggers me?" said one of conscripts to his comrade.

"What is it?"

"I don't see how that fellow can make out the names of the stars."

"Why, you jackass, they are all written out on the top of the stars—only it takes a telescope to see them."—*Yankee Blade.*

READY WIT.—The ready wit of some of the celebrities of the stage is quite worthy of record. When Wilson, the comedian, made his debut, it was in a character formerly supported by Shuter. Upon his appearance on the stage, the audience called out for their former favorite,—"Off, off—Shuter! Shuter!" Whereupon, Wilson turning round, and pointing to a favorite actress who was on the stage with him, replied:

"*Shoot her! shoot her!* What for? I'm sure she plays her part very well."

This happy turn set the tide in his favor, and he made a prodigious hit.

☞ "I was not speaking to you," as the chap said to the echo.

American Poets.

MISS SARA J. CLARKE.

(GRACE GREENWOOD.)

FROM NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE.

It pleases us this morning to lay aside all established rules of precedence, and for once to satisfy public curiosity, and our "own wild will," by a con amore description of the fair lady whose name heads our paragraph. We know, without your hints, dear ladies, that she is not so old as the distinguished Mrs. ———; neither has she been so long before the world of letters as the well known author of "———, and other poems;" but that matters little—some lives are not counted by years, and some authors are rewarded in the first of their arduous career, by the notice and approval of the dear public, usually so chary in the bestowal of its rewards. Of the last assertion Fanny Forester and Grace Greenwood are living proofs.

It is now about four years since poems appeared in the New Mirror, then just re-established by Willis and Morris, attracting much attention, under the signature of Miss Sara J. Clarke. Shortly after, during the absence of Mr. Willis in Europe, the readers of his journal were surprised by, and interested in a series of letters from the West, purporting to be written by a "slip of a girl" who delighted in all manly exercise, and all womanly sentiment—who could fearlessly scour the country on horseback, and then returning, pen a description of the ride, full of poetical and original thought. Moreover, it began to be hinted that the lady was young, beautiful, and still unmarried. (how did Madame Rumor for once happen to stumble upon the truth?); then commenced wondering all the readers masculine of that journal, and guessing all the feminines, as to the real name of this newly discovered literary star—Grace Greenwood!

But, unfortunately, nothing could be learned.—These queries have but recently been put at rest by the open avowal of Miss Sara J. Clarke, that she, at the suggestion of a household friend, assumed the name under which she has contributed to some of our most popular periodicals, and has become so widely known and admired.

The birth-place of Miss Clarke is a small village in Onondaga County, New York; her school days were passed at Rochester, and while there, at the age of *fourteen*, her poems first appeared, and were praised in the various papers of that city.—She has subsequently resided in New Brighton, a village in the western part of Pennsylvania—and the past Winter came to Philadelphia, at the request of Mr. Godey, to take charge of his just established Lady's Paper. In the literary world she has been warmly and generously received, and the public have long since established her as a favorite.

In our present purpose we are not at liberty to enter fully upon the distinguishing traits of the spirited prose writings of Miss Clarke; we are speaking of the *poetess*, and can only hint at our predilection for her racy letters, filled as they are with wit, sentiment, and discriminating criticism. Her poetry is scarcely as well known as her prose sketches—but young as she is, it exhibits a strength, tenderness, and oftentimes a finish, that would do honor to more mature thought and experience.—Strength and boldness, both in thought and expression, are perhaps its distinguishing characteristics; she is fearless of the world and its criticism, and independence, with a hearty honesty, is stamped on every thought and word. This extends through, or rather springs from, her individual nature, to which she gives full voice in what she has written; you have but to see and converse with her to know that this proud, fearless spirit, is no affectation. It looks through her clear, deep eyes; it speaks in every act, and compels you for once to do homage to sincerity. In manner, Miss Clarke is, as one would suppose, somewhat abrupt, frank, and in a measure unrestrained by conventionalisms; but how shall we describe the *physique* which lodges this untameable spirit!

We chanced, yesterday, to enter the studio of Mr. Cushman, who was busily engaged on a delicate miniature of the very lady in question, who sat all unconscious that we also meditated a similar employment. In the still quiet of that shaded room, there was, perhaps, not the usual animation lighting up her features. To see *Grace Greenwood*, she must be engaged in pleasant conversation, for then her dark eyes flash, a deep flush suffuses her clear brunette complexion, the small *crimson* mouth quivers with emotion, and your beau ideal is before you. Her forehead is broad, and fully developed; her hair, usually "put up in some wild way," is dark and lustrous; her form, rather above than below the usual height, gives scarcely an idea of the muscular strength which can curb a fiery steed with strong mastery. She has the English accomplishment of fine horsemanship, and we hope that many of our ladies will follow her example, seeking health and pleasure in what she describes with so much spirit:

A MORNING RIDE.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife,—
When its fruits turned to ashes are mocking my taste,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste;
Then come ye not near me my sad heart to cheer
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear;
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
But bring me, oh, bring me, my gallant young steed!
With his high arched neck and his nostril spread wide,
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength of my spirit returneth again!
The bonds are all broken which fettered my mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of the wind!
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown.

Now we're off! like the winds, to the plains whence they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame.
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod.
On, on, like a deer, when the hounds' early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away and away!
Still faster, still farther he leaps at my cheer
Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in my ear!
Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth my track,
See his glancing hoof tossing the white pebbles back!
Now a glen dark as midnight—what matter—we'll down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown,—
The thick branches shake, as we're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!
What a wild thought of triumph that this girlish hand,
Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!
What a glorious creature! Ah, glance at him now,
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow.
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!
Hurrah, off again, dashing on, as in ire,
Till the long flinty pathway is flashing with fire!
Ho, a ditch!—shall we pause? No, the bold leap we dare,
Like a swift winged arrow we rush through the air!
Oh! not all the pleasure that poets may praise,
Not the 'wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,—
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,—
Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,—
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore
Can the wild and fearless joy exceed,
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

The subjoined poem excels not less in tenderness, than the first in spirit.

THE LAST GIFT.

I leave thee, love—in vain hast thou
The God of life implored.
My clinging soul is torn from thine
My faithful, my adored.
My last gift—I have on it breathed
In blessing and in prayer;
So lay it close, close to thy heart
This little lock of hair!

I know thou wilt think tenderly
And lovingly on me,
Thou wilt forget my waywardness
When I am gone from thee;
Thou wilt remember all my love,
Which made thee think me fair—
Thou wilt with many tears begem
This little lock of hair!

And yet at last thy grief's wild storm
Will sigh itself to rest;
And then may it chance another love
And clasp her to thy breast;
But when she hides her glowing face
In tearful gladness there,
Oh, do not set her head displace
This little lock of hair!

The dark, rich hue thou oft hast praised
The ringlet still shall hold,—
Still, as the sunlight on it falls
Give out quick gleams of gold;
Though years roll by, no trace of change
Its glossy rings shall wear—
It never will grow grey, beloved,
This little lock of hair!

And when the earth weighs chill and damp
Above my resting place,
When fall moist tresses heavily
Around my cold, dead face,—
'Tis sweet to know a part of me
Thine own life glow may share—
Thou'lt keep it warm, love, always warm,
This little lock of hair!

Ah, dearest, see how pale and cold
Has grown this hand of mine!
No longer now it glows and thrills
Within the clasp of thine.
I go!—soon where my dying head
Is pillowed with fond care,
No trace of me shall linger, save
This little lock of hair!

I see thee not! I faintly feel
Thy fast tears thou dost weep;
Kiss down my quivering eyelids, love,
Thus, thus, and I will sleep.
I go where angels beckon me,
I go their heaven to share—
Yet with a longing envy leave
This little lock of hair.

EXERCISE.—Mrs. Nicholson, who has travelled through Ireland on foot, and suffered hunger, cold, and weariness, says that she has had no sickness nor colds, and is strong and hearty. She has lived chiefly on Indian meal, and has used neither tea, coffee, nor butter, and very little milk. It is that very exercise, exposure, and abstinence which have kept her so healthy. People little know how much they lose by effeminate indulgence.

COMIC BLACKSTONE.

FINE.—The law has a great deal to say about fines, of which it mentions many sorts. One kind of fine consists in "the compulsory exaction of money"—but what there is so very fine about this process as to entitle it to that encomiastic epithet, it is quite impossible to conjecture. Perhaps the phrase comes from the Latin *finis*, on the ground that the fine is in the end or object of the law for the violation of which the fine is ostensibly imposed. This hypothesis seems so very plausible in the case of militia-fines, as well nigh to enforce conviction of its truth.

GENTLEMAN—is compounded of two languages—from the French *gentil* i. e. *honestus*, and the Saxon *man*, a man. "Putting that and that together," one would suppose that an honest man constitutes a gentleman. But such an hypothesis is plainly at war not only with the popular sentiment, but also with strict Etymology. For *honestus* is a word which, like certain individuals, has nothing honest about it but its outward appearance. The true signification of the term is *well-born*, and its application is to those who have the luck to be born with "gold spoons in their mouths"—which brings the definition of a gentleman to be this:—gentleman—the son of a rich man. But Sir Thos. Smith (*De Rep. Ang.* 1; 4, 1 c. 20,) has given a full and very Bardolphian definition of a gentleman, whereby every man may try himself and his neighbors. "As for gentlemen," says Sir Thomas, "they be made good cheap in this kingdom, for whosoever studieth in the Universities, and can live idly, and without manual labor, and will bear the port, charge and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and shall be taken to be a gentleman"—"which," he should have added, "is an excellent thing."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

GOING TO BED.

Going to bed we have always considered as one of the most sober, serious and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty-four hours. With a young lady it is altogether a different thing. When bed-time arrives, she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and—if she had pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head. The candle is placed on the toilet, and her luxuriant hair speedily emancipated from the thraldom of combs and pins. If she usually wears "water-curls," or uses the "irons," her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead, and the whole mass compactly secured; if not, why then her lovely tresses are soon hid in innumerable bits of paper. This task accomplished, a night-cap appears, edged, maybe, with plain muslin, or maybe with levy lace, which hides all, save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the strings, probably she takes a peep in her glass, and half-smiles and half-blushes at what she sees. The light is out—her fair, delicate form gently presses the couch—and, like a dear, innocent, lovely creature, as she is, she falls gently into sleep, with a sweet smile on her still sweeter face. A man, of course, under the same circumstances, acts quite differently. Every movement in his chamber indicates the coarse, rough mould of his fallen nature. When all is ready, he snuffs the candle out with his fingers, like a cannibal, and then jumps into bed like a savage. For a few moments he thinks of all the peccadilloes he may have committed during the day—vows a vow to amend *soon*—groans, turns over, stretches himself, then all is silent, and then the heavy breathing of the slumberer.

☞ Why is a soldier free as the wind? 'Cause he goes where he 'listeth.

Our Picture Gallery.

DON QUIXOTE DEMOLISHING THE PUPPET SHOW.

Our readers will remember that not very long since, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, of this city, published a very handsome, illustrated edition of Don Quixote. From its pages we take the above engraving.

The explanation of the engraving is as follows: A puppet show was exhibiting at a tavern in which the Don was staying. The design of the show was to represent the escape of a Christian lady aided by her husband from the hands of the Moors. Don Quixote looked quietly on, until the Christian and his wife were mounted, and the Moors in hot pursuit—but then he could remain inactive no longer. The following is an extract from the work:—"When Don Quixote saw this numerous cohort of Moors, and heard the martial din of the military instruments, he thought it would be advisable for him to succor those that fled. Accordingly, he rose from his seat, and cried in a voice of thunder: 'I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gaiferos. Hold, base born rabble, follow not nor pursue after him; if you do, prepare for instant battle.' As he spoke he unsheathed his sword, planted himself close to the show, and, with violent and unheard-of fury, began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some and beheading others, laming this and demolishing that. Among a great many other strokes he fetched one with such force, that if Master Peter had not ducked and squatted down, he had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of sugar paste. Master Peter cried out: 'Hold, Signor Don Quixote, hold, and consider that these figures you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of pasteboard; consider, sinner that I am! that you are undoing me, and destroy my whole livelihood.' For all that, Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down, doubling and redoubling fore strokes and back-strokes like hail. In short, in less than two *credos* he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures, King Marsilio being sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the Emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The whole audience was in consternation; the ape flew to the top of the house, the cousin was frightened, the page daunted, and even Sancho himself trembled mightily; for, as he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

"The general demolition of the machinery thus achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm. 'I wish,' said he, 'I had here before me, at this instant, all those who are not and will not be convinced of how much benefit Knights-Errant are to the world. If I had not been present, what would have become of good Don Gaiferos and the fair Melisandra? Without doubt these dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some indignity. When all this is done, long live Knight-Errantry above all things living in the world!'"

Selected Articles.

TO GENTLEMEN.

For one I am heartily tired of witnessing the endeavors of gentlemen (of course none but gentlemen presume to dictate to ladies) to frighten or wheedle ladies into becoming mere household drudges, by assuring them that young gentlemen "would rather see them at the wash tub, than weeping over the last new novel," rather know they could "make a pudding or darn a stocking," than dance the Polka, or sing an air from a fashionable opera; or see them in neat calico gowns, than arrayed in costly silks, &c., &c. Following up their attacks by a eulogy on woman's high mental and moral endowments—"her unbounded influence"—"should not suffer herself to degenerate into a mere play thing," and so on.

If the paper wasted in these vain attempts to soft-soap the ladies into washer-women, could be restored to its pristine form, what a fine washing of clothes would be there, my countrywomen! and the time lost in penning this unheeded advice, would it not more than suffice you to "put them out!" For surely, if such arduous accomplishments must necessarily be included in the education of young ladies, the stronger sex in America, at least, will never be so ungallant as to refuse their assistance. What could be a more beautiful illustration of womanly dependance and manly courage, than a lady gracefully cleansing handkerchiefs and laces, while her loving lord boldly wrestles with the counter panes and table-cloths!

What an ungrateful animal is man! in exactions how like a tyrant! in requisition how inconsistent! With him we dance, for him we sing; to be pleasing in his eyes we "walk in silk attire;" we endeavor to improve our weak intellects, that we may be more worthy of his high consideration. And what is our recompense? He requires of us Herculean labors, unsuited to our strength, services which would forever deface the beauty of the hands he so rapturously praises, destroy the symmetry of our forms and turn our "marble brows" to granite!

But, unfortunately, for the success of these washing-tonians, young gentlemen do not admire large, rough hands, with fingers more rosy than Aurora's or nut-brown complexions (the sure fruits of washing and cooking,) nor think "beauty when unadorned, adorned the most;" and a lady in tears, (if her eyes be not red) is, to them, the most interesting object in all creation.

We will darn your stockings for you, gentlemen; we'll hem your handkerchiefs; we'll make your puddings; but while you continue to prefer smoking segars to smoking bacon; meeting each other with hard words in political debates, to the equally gentlemanly and more useful employment of mauling rails, graciously condescend to pity our weakness—let us dance a little, let us make a little music, and oh! leave us time to read and dress a little. Have compassion, kind sirs. Turn us not all into water nymphs and Salamanders!—*Lady's Dollar Paper.*

SINGULAR MUSICAL INVENTION.

Mr. Smith, of Lord street, Liverpool, has invented a simple but ingenious piece of mechanism, called the ANTIPHONEL, which, when fixed in the harmonican, organ, or piano forte, enables persons quite unacquainted with music to play any air, tune, overture, or piece, provided they only be supplied with books. It is peculiarly adapted to churches, as, by means of it, the best compositions may be given in strict accompaniment with the voices—the only thing requisite in the player being a correct ear as to time. The whole machine is but two feet long, and four inches wide; on the top is a flat metal surface, pierced across its width in the centre with a series of small openings, which admit through them a small number of metal points, rising a little above the metal plate. These points are the extremities of small levers encased below, and communicate with the keys, so that any point being pressed down, presses down the corresponding key, and produces the desired note. The "music-books," if we may so call them, are a succession of small blocks of wood, which are forced onward along the metal plate. On the under side of these blocks are inserted steel pins, resembling those on the barrel of a hand-organ; and these, as they come in contact with the metal points, produce the tune. The blocks are moved along to lively music by a small crank handle. In slow or sacred music, another handle, moving like that of a pump, is used, by which the notes may be maintained, when required, to any length. When one block has passed over the plate, another, containing the continuation of the piece, or succeeding parts of a tune, may be introduced, and repetitions may as readily be accomplished. The blocks may be had set to any given tune or piece of music, and are sold at so much per foot; so that any one may now order a *nail of music.*

SONG OF THE PEASANT'S WIFE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

"Come, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow,
You were kind to me once; will you frown on me now?
Shall the storm settle here when from Heaven it departs,
And the cold from without finds its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no surely; the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

"Though the rain's dropping through, from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles free where there once was a door,
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
No, Patrick, no surely; the dark stormy weather
Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

"When you stole out to woo me, when labor was done,
And the day that was closing to us seem'd begun,
Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

"Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
Oh! let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then.
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together."

A SEWING MACHINE.

How often have we heard the industrious housewife, as she bent over the toils of the needle, exclaim, "Oh, that some one would invent a machine for doing this tedious and never-ending drudgery." Still, while almost every other branch of human industry has been "reorganized" by some ingenious labor-saving process, a sewing machine has, up to the present time, remained a desideratum. At length, however, what has seemed to be an impossibility, has been accomplished by two of our townsmen, and a Sewing Machine has been produced which will prove to be one of the most curious and useful of Yankee inventions. The inventors and patentees of this new machine are Messrs. J. B. Johnson and Charles Morey. It is a contrivance of great ingenuity, but of remarkable simplicity; and so far as we know is the only machine for sewing which has ever been put into successful practical operation. Several of the machines have already been constructed, and we yesterday had the pleasure of seeing them perform with a sort of vivacious accuracy, rapidity and ease, the hitherto slow, toilsome and monotonous "stitch—stitch—stitch."

It is difficult to describe this machine so as to give the reader an intelligible idea of it. To sew the seams of pantaloons, for instance, the cloth is fastened to a bar, so constructed as to obviate the necessity of basting. This bar, with the cloth attached, is moved horizontally in front of the needle, by means of a feed motion, which measures with perfect accuracy the length of the stitches. This motion can easily and instantly be so adjusted as to make longer or shorter stitches, at the will of the operator. The needle—which has its eye in the point, or very near it—is driven through the cloth, by means of a peculiarly formed cam. The thread—which runs from a spool through the end of a spring, so that it can be tightened at pleasure—passes with the point of the needle through the cloth, till it is caught by a hook on the other side. This hook holds the thread in a peculiar manner, forming it into a loop, until the needle has passed out and been again driven through—the bar upon which the cloth is, having in the meantime been moved along the length of one stitch. The hook then drops its first hold and again seizes the thread—which has now passed through the loop—and repeats the process; thus interweaving the thread so as to form a uniform and substantial stitch, such as the ladies call a chain stitch.

From two hundred and fifty to seven hundred stitches can be taken in this way in a minute; and one machine can do, and do well, the work of six and perhaps eight seamstresses. The work for which the machine is peculiarly adapted is the sewing of long straight seams; but it is obviously susceptible of variation and improvement, so as to adapt it to needle-work of a more complicated description. It is destined, we doubt not, to work a great change in one of the most laborious departments of female industry.—*Boston Traveller.*

COLLODION.—This new preparation, recently invented by Mr. S. L. Bigelow, for the healing of wounds, consists of a solution of gun-cotton in ether. The cotton is entirely dissolved, and the preparation seen in a phial is clear as water. When applied to a cut or wound, it hardens into a flesh colored, water-proof coating. As the coating dries, it contracts, and thus draws the lips of the wound close together.

OUR EARLY LOVED.

Our early loved—how their memory clings
To hearts that love no more!
Like a rose that still in its sweetness springs,
Where a garden's pride is o'er;
Though the weeds and thorns may have long defac'd
The place of the perished flowers,
Yet that lingerer gladdens the cheerless waste
With the bloom of its brighter hours!

Our early loved—hath their after path
From our steps far parted been?
Hath the hand of power or the flame of wrath,
Or life's barriers risen between?
Yet still in our dreams their shadows come,
O'er the parting waste of years,
Though the path is marked with many a tomb,
And its sands are wet with tears!

They come, with a light far left behind
On the distant mountain's brow,
Where the sunrise shone on the waking mind
That is dark with shadows now;
But ever as the morning star returns
To brighten the evening shades,
The light of their memory brighter burns,
As the spirit's daylight fades.

Our early loved—have we found them changed,
In the gloom of our winter days,
And their bright looks blanched, and their looks estranged,
Till they scarce returned our gaze?
But far in the land where storms or time
Can no longer sear or chill,
In the light of our memory's cloudless clime
We shall find them changeless still!

Hath the grass on the grave grown rankly green
Where we laid, so long ago,
Our first affections, all unseen
In their deep and quenchless glow?
Alas! for the dust so darkly piled
O'er the bright but buried gems;
But safe are the treasures Death hath smiled—
"For there comes no change to them!"

We may love again—and the later ties
Of life may be bright and strong—
But if broken, never in memory's eyes
Will their fragments shine so long
And the shrines of our childhood's stainless faith,
We may leave them far and cold—
But the heart still turns to the stars of youth
With a love that ne'er grows old!

A WIFE-HUNTER REPLIED TO.

A Mr. "C. D. P." recently advertised for a wife through the columns of the New Orleans Picayune. Several ladies "united their wits" and made the following reply, which we give for the benefit of all concerned. It is rather sharp:

NEW ORLEANS, April 16.

To Mr. C. D. P.—Sir—We have been told by wise and experienced heads, that a person who would advertise for a wife "can be no gentleman," "not worth having," and so forth. We agree that it *may* be so; but on the other hand, think there is much reason for supposing that your advertisement is merely a freak of some eccentric, misdirected spirit, or the last resource of a despairing wretch, whose worth may never have been appreciated by his fair acquaintances.

Yet how can it be the latter? How could such qualifications, such a desirable and valuable possession as you describe yourself to be, have escaped the quick eyes of husband seekers, or been overlooked by manœuvring mammas? We can answer that question only by inferring that the young gentleman with "chesnut hair and blue eyes" must represent himself falsely—that he is selfish, stingy, cross, illiberal—heaven knows what!

It is evident that you are easily pleased. Why we could send you fifty old maids, who would answer your purpose very well—very good looking women; *kind* and *cheerful*, with good enough acquirements to keep your house in good order, and your linen and socks darned, which, we presume is all your *dainty* taste cares for in a *wife*—a creature to be advertised for, as you would advertise for a good pointer, or a pacing horse. A woman is a very useful animal, certainly.

Do you suppose, sir, that any but the *needy* will answer your advertisement? Some broken down hackneied belle, for instance, who has found her arts and fascinations of no avail for the last six winters.

No woman of a refined mind would seek to unite herself to a man who evidently thinks *marriage* is merely a yoking together of two animals, the stronger to tyrannize and lord it over the weaker. A "highly respectable gentleman," it is to be inferred, is one who has been elevated above the common herd by the advantages of a good education, who possesses some refinement of mind, some nobleness of soul, and even some *romance* (that commodity is hard to find in this matter-of-fact, wealth seeking age.) Could such a man ever be satisfied with a woman for whom he had *advertised*—a creature who, to be satisfied with, and respond to such an application, must indeed be destitute of womanly pride and modesty? Ah! no, no sir! It is a mistaken idea—and a distressing fact that a *gentleman of high respectability* can pay so poor a compliment to the sex.

Hoping that you may not "catch a tartar," we remain your obedient servants,

MISS R——N C——L.
MISS T——A T——S.
MISS G——A S——S.

For Housekeepers.

OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Vials which have been used for medicine, should be put into cold ashes and water, boiled and suffered to cool before they are rinsed.

If you live in the city where it is always easy to procure provisions, be careful and not buy too much for your daily wants, while the weather is warm.

Never leave out your clothes-line over night; and see that your clothes-pins are all gathered into a basket.

Have plenty of crash towels in the kitchen; never let your white napkins be used there.

Soap your dirtiest clothes and soak them in soft water over night.

Use hard soap to wash your clothes and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

It is thought to be a preventive to the unhealthy influence of cucumbers to cut the slices very thin, and drop each one into cold water as you cut it. A few minutes in the water takes out a large portion of the slimy matter, so injurious to health. They should be eaten with high seasoning.

Keep a bag for odd pieces of tape and strings; they will come in use. Keep a bag or box for old buttons, so that you may know where to go when you want one.

A little salt sprinkled in starch while it is boiling, tends to prevent it from sticking; it is likewise good to stir it with a clean spermaceti candle.

Poke-root boiled in water and mixed with a good quantity of molasses, set about the kitchen, the pantry, &c., in large deep plates, will kill cockroaches in great numbers, and finally rid the house of them.

If you wish to clarify sugar and water you are about to boil, it is well to stir in the white of one egg while cold; if put in after it boils, the egg is apt to get hardened before it can do any good.

GRUEL.

Have a pint of water boiling in a skillet; stir up three or four large spoonfuls of nicely sifted oatmeal, rye or Indian, in cold water, pour it into the skillet while the water boils. Let it boil eight or ten minutes. Throw in a large hand-full of raisins to boil, if the patient is well enough to bear them. When put in a bowl, add a little salt, white sugar, and nutmeg.

ARROW-ROOT JELLY.

Put a pint of water over the fire with some white sugar and grated nutmeg. Stir up a large spoonful of arrow-root powder in a cup of water, pour it in when the water boils, stir it well and let it boil three or four minutes.

TAPIOCO JELLY.

Wash it two or three times; soak it five or six hours, simmer it in the same water with bits of fresh lemon-peel until it becomes quite clear; then put in lemon juice and loaf sugar.

The Olio.

"MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE!"

FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE!

[Howitt's Journal gives the following translation of the famous "chant of the Girondins," which was sung with such thrilling effect during the French Revolution.]

By the loud cannon's fierce commotion,
France calls her children to the strife.
On! says the soldier's warm devotion!
Our mother 'tis that needs our life!
For our country to die! for our country to die!
Is a glorious fate for which brave men may sigh!

For us, my friends, who poor and lonely,
Who here unseen must yield our breath,
For France, and for her freedom only,
We can at least devote our death!
For our country to die! for our country to die!
Is a glorious fate for which brave men may sigh!

ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. Choate was engaged last week in arguing before a Committee of the Legislature the disputed boundary question between this State and Rhode Island. In the course of his speech, he alluded to the absurdity of relying upon the loose and indefinite bounds of the Commissioners a century ago. "I would as soon, said he, in nervous tones, and with startling action, "think of bounding a sovereign State on the North by a dandelion, on the West by a blue jay, on the South by a hive of bees in swarming time, and on the East by three hundred foxes, with fire-brands tied to their tails!" It is evident Mr. Choate does not stop at trifles.

A RAZOR OF TERROR.—If those three hundred thousand English Chartists, should with their feet trample down the soldiery and cut the throats of those savage sneerers, as they sat in the Lords and Commons, sweeping them and the government they uphold out of existence in an instant, the world would shudder and cant again about a "reign of terror. A reign of terror! Why is it not a reign of terror, when a few well fed and pampered men, so govern, that millions live in ignorance and destitution, and thousands die of want? Is not that land reigned over terribly, whose surface is covered with poor houses; whose cities are crowded with paupers, whose prisons are thronged with criminals?"—*New York Dispatch.*

RAILWAY SLEEPERS.—In Britain the first railway sleepers were laid upon stone blocks, and by the very rigidness of such a foundation the travelling was not only made more uncomfortable, but the carriages and roads were sooner destroyed.—The English rails are now laid upon wooden sleepers resting many of them upon a kind of felt prepared for that purpose. The heavy rail alone is used, and the foundation is carefully packed so that travelling is smooth and no jarring—the great annoyance of our roads on this side of the water—but all our new roads are much better than the old.—*Scientific American.*

TREATMENT OF DOMESTICS.—A lady will never speak harshly to her servants—she will not even "hint a fault," in the presence of company. Any person can fall into a rage, and say rude disagreeable things, than which at such a time nothing is so utterly contemptible. To reprove calmly and judiciously, that is at proper times, and on proper occasions, is the mark of a real refinement. When one sees a lady so far forget herself as to be angry with her servants before her guests, one is apt to wonder if she really boxes their ears when no one is present!

☞ A gentleman at Hereford, proverbial for forgetfulness, lately went to a barber's shop and was shaved *four times in one day*. On the last occasion the barber performed the operation with the back of his razor, and then informed his customer how often he had visited him during the day.

☞ When is a bottle like Ireland? When there is a *cork* in it.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 6, 19, 8, 5, 14, 15, 23, 21, 14, is a County in Virginia.
My 2, 21, 14, 9, 6, is a County in Michigan.
My 3, 18, 1, 3, 19, is a County in Missouri.
My 4, 6, 11, 18, is a County in Illinois.
My 5, 21, 1, 6, is a County in Wisconsin.
My 6, 20, 10, 21, 7, 6, 20, 11, is a County in Virginia.
My 7, 21, 17, 15, 6, 14, is a County in Alabama.
My 8, 6, 14, 10, 21, 20, 11, is a County in Maine.
My 9, 17, 1, 5, 14, is a County in Georgia.
My 10, 6, 19, 1, 18, 12, 4, is a County in North Carolina.
My 11, 6, 14, 18, is a County in Illinois.
My 12, 6, 16, 21, 17, 23, 18, is a County in Indiana.
My 13, 14, 15, 8, 6, 7, is a County in Michigan.
My 14, 2, 20, 8, 21, 12, 6, 19, is a County in Virginia.
My 15, 17, 6, 14, 22, is a County in Kentucky.
My 16, 21, 17, 23, 6, 15, 18, is a County in Ohio.
My 17, 21, 20, 11, 10, 6, 19, 22, 4, 18, is a County in Kentucky.
My 18, 6, 23, 21, 14, is a County in Michigan.
My 19, 6, 12, 18, 7, is a County in New Jersey.
My 20, 21, 1, 18, 22, 6, is a County in Georgia.
My 21, 17, 4, 18, 6, 14, 19, is a County in Vermont.
My 22, 13, 21, 15, 6, is a County in New York.
My 23, 9, 16, 22, 21, 14, is a County in Tennessee.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American writer and historian. J. W. MORGAN.

CHARADES.

I.

My first has its place by the side of a stream
In accents of music my second's expressed
My whole has the miser's unbounded esteem,
Though oft found relieving where he has oppressed.

II.

My first I hope you are
My second I see you are
My whole I know you are

RIDDLE.

In a barn or a cottage I often appear,
But when in a palace, oh, how the folks stare!
Nor me, nor my mother, can ladies endure,
For I, like the ladies, have charms to allure,
And dare to assert it, nor vain is the boast,
My captives outnumber the slaves of a toast.
My captives, supported, adhere all to me,
Though I, for my part, was not made to be free.
Secured by my mother in some snug retreat,
I'm bound to support her, where'er she thinks meet.
Till some cruel wretch shall our residence spy,
Then forced to submit, we come down from on high
When death and destruction too often ensue,
We are tortur'd, abus'd, cut, and trampled on, too.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Three men, A, B, and C, were talking of their money. Says A to B and C, "Give me the one-half of your money, and with mine it will then be $100 00." Says B to A and C, "Give me the one-third of your money and with mine it will make $100 00." Then says C to A and B, "Give me the one-fourth of your money, and with mine it will be $100 00." The question is, how much had each of them for himself?

D. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What noun is that most admired by the ambitious?
Ans.—Renown.
☞ Why is education like a tailor?
Ans.—Because it forms our habits.
☞ Which is the oldest tree in America?
Ans.—The Elder Tree.
☞ Why is a cigar-smoker like an author?
Ans.—Because he is fond of a puff.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—DUPONT DE L'EURE.
RIDDLE.—THE LETTER O.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
It will be a mile ahead of A in 19 2-11 minutes, and he travels at the rate of 9 9-14 miles per hour.

Floriculture.

MEMORANDUM FOR MAY.

PREPARED FOR THE AMERICAN FARMER,
BY S. FEAST, FLORIST.

ANNUAL FLOWER SEEDS.—If not sown before, should now be attended to.

MIGNONETTE, CANDYTUFT, LUPINS, &c., should be sown in small patches, where they are intended to remain.

TUBEROSES, GLADIOLUSES, and other flowering bulbs, should be planted this month.

BROMPTON AND TWICKENHAM STOCKS, intended for flowering next Winter, should now be sown.

TENDER ANNUALS, sown in pots or boxes, in March or April, may now be transplanted to the borders.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS of many varieties, may be safely removed.

ROSES, in pots, may now be planted out with success.

DAHLIAS may be planted from now until the middle of June.

VERBENAS, and other Summer flowering plants, should be planted now.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS may now be propagated from cuttings or suckers.

CAMELLIAS should now be frequently syringed over their leaves.

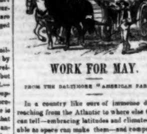
ORANGES AND LEMONS if flowering, require plenty of air and moderate supplies of water.

GREENHOUSE PLANTS may be removed to the open air this month, remove the hardiest kind first, such as RHODODENDRONS, AZALEAS, LAURUS, &c., &c.

DAHLIA.—Those who desire to raise this splendid exotic, in luxuriance, and ensure its utmost beauty of bloom, *will set out the tubers this month as early as possible.* Dig the holes sufficiently large to allow several inches all round for the expansion of the lateral roots, and deep enough to allow the crown to be covered two inches. They should be manured with a compost comprised of six parts wood's mould, or other rich mould, one part ashes, and one part rotten dung. As the tuber is set in its place, fix a stick sufficiently long and strong to support the branches when they shall have grown high enough to require being tied up. The compost must be thoroughly mixed, and, as put in, settled down with water, so as to bring the earth into immediate contact with the roots, until the tuber is covered; the last spade full of earth not to be watered. Give to the top a slight basin-like form, to catch the rain. *Should the weather be dry, the watering pot must be freely used,* and great benefit will be derived by occasional waterings with soap-suds. While the flowers may be swelling, care must be observed not to let the plant suffer for moisture, as, if it should, the bloom will be despoiled of much of its magnificence.

As regards the soil, a *sandy loam* is best, but if the holes be dug deep and wide, and the compost be placed beneath and on either side of the roots, this bounteous plant will thrive and do well in any soil, however stiff it may be. In the stiffest clay, with such treatment as we have described, we have ensured a bloom that excited the admiration of every one who beheld it.

Agricultural.



WORK FOR MAY.

FROM THE BALTIMORE "AMERICAN FARMER."

In a country like ours of immense distances, reaching from the Atlantic to where else God only can tell—embracing latitudes and climates as variable as space can make them—and comprising an agricultural people pursuing all the systems of farming and planting known to the husbandry of the world—it may be difficult to say what particular thing is to be done on the farm this month, in each district of country; therefore, we shall only tell of that which may be safely done any where within the range of our wide-spread circulation.

With this brief introduction, we ask attention to the labors

ON THE FARM.

Corn.—Those who may not have gotten in their corn, should lose no time in putting it in at the earliest possible period. To such as may not have been so fortunate as to have provided manure enough to give a broad-cast dressing to their corn lands, we would enjoin the duty upon them of manuring in the hill, though nothing but the direst necessity can justify any farmer in resorting to such practice as his exclusive means of fertilizing his corn ground. He who desires to make a good crop, *must* keep his field clear of every thing but the corn plants, and must give *them* food, and plenty of it.

Millet.—This crop may be put in any time between the 15th of May and the 15th of June. The soil should be a *fertile loam*, the ground should be thoroughly and deeply ploughed, and harrowed until every clod is broken. The ground being in a state of fine tilth, sow half a bushel of seed to the acre, harrow it in lightly, and complete the work by passing a heavy roller over the ground, taking care to *lap* as you go along, in order that the earth may be brought into immediate contact with the seed, and thus bring on early germination. We have stated that it should be sown in a *fertile loam*,—it is in such soils that it most delights to vegetate, grow and ripen its golden heads. But it is but candid to say, that to ensure a good crop, any land on which it may be grown *must* be rich, and that to ensure a luxuriant crop of hay and grain, it will be necessary to give the soil a liberal dressing of nutritive manure. This will not be thought strange of, when the farmer comes to think that the crop will mature in from six to eight weeks from the time of seeding, because, he knows that any thing so rapid in its growth, requires heavy feeding to ensure a large product. Where hay alone is wanted, we would sow three pecks of seed, as in that case the hay would be finer. Where grain and hay, too, may be desirable, half a bushel of seed will be an ample allowance for an acre.

If the ground be rich, well manured, well ploughed and thoroughly pulverised, four tons of hay and twenty bushels of grain may be raised on an acre. We say this advisedly. The hay is fully as good as clover hay, while the seed makes, when chopt or ground and mixed with cut hay or straw, an excellent food for horses and all other kinds of stock—while unground, it is excellent for poultry.

Oats.—As we trust this crop will have been not only got in, but up, before this number reaches its destination, we will content ourselves by expressing the hope that, in every instance where they may have been sown on poor lands, the planter or the farmer will top-dress each acre with a compost comprised of one bushel of plaster, one of salt and two of ashes. With such a dressing, if early applied, he may calculate upon an increase of 25 per cent. in the product of his land. To such as may have lime at command, a bushel or two added to the mixture would add to its value.

Fall Potatoes.—The earlier after the 10th of this month potatoes may be put in, the better, and the greater will be the certainty of their escaping the rot. In preparing the ground, let your work be thorough. Let one-half the manure you may allot for your crop be spread broad-cast and ploughed in, the rest apply in the rows, either *upon* or *under* the potato sets, it does not matter which.

Cut your potatoes two weeks before planting them, and as you cut, dry them in ashes, lime or plaster, or a mixture of equal parts of each. In cutting the sets, preserve *two eyes* to each, and when dried, as above directed, spread them out thinly on your barn floor, or on some other dry, cool place, where they will not be exposed to too much light and heat.

As you plough your ground, be sure to harrow and roll until the soil is in fine tilth. Then run furrows, three feet apart, North and South, four inches deep, plant your sets ten inches apart, strew over them your manure, and over that a mixture of equal parts of lime, ashes and plaster, and then cover.

When the plants first begin to show their heads, run the harrow over the rows, this breaks up the indurated surface, lets the air into the plants, and ensures regularity in their coming up; besides which, it destroys many weeds, and, in fact, acts as a working to the potato plants.

When the vines are three inches high, turn a furrow from and return it again to them, taking care to remove all weeds and grass with the hoe or hand. Any hill which you may give, should present a flat surface. At this working, strew a bushel of salt to the acre over the vines. At intervals of two weeks work twice or thrice more, and you may lay them by; but be sure, whenever necessary, to relieve the vines from all weeds and grass, by means of the hoe and hand. Such intruders should never be permitted to divide the riches of earth, sun and air with the potato, or any other plant where it can be prevented.

Mangel Wurzel—Sugar Beet—Parsnips—Carrots.—If you have not got a few acres of these fine roots in yet, do take the courage to put in an acre or half an acre of each. Try it once, and she who makes your home the scene of bliss and joy, after one winter's experience in feeding her milch cows with them, will see that you never omit their culture again. It is your interest to put them in, patriotism and private ambition appeals to you to do so; then yield at once, and set an example worth half a million of dollars to your country, if generally followed. Get in your seed as early as possible—under no circumstances delay doing so beyond the 10th of the month.

Sweet Potatoes.—Plant these the first week in this month. Though you may not be prepared to put in a crop for market, be sure to have a patch for the use of your family. There is something as luscious in a well-cooked sweet potato—something which so fixes upon the taste of all palates, that no father should neglect their culture, as he should delight in gratifying those around him whose care he has received from Providence as a sacred trust.

Pumpkins.—Get in your pumpkins the first week in this month.

Lucerne.—You may still sow seeds of this grass up to the 15th of the month. The ground should be ploughed twice at least.

Melons, of all kinds, should be put in without the least delay.

Field Peas.—Get these in by the 10th of the month.

Field Beans should be planted as speedily as possible. When the *fleece* is the object, every sheep farmer should raise plenty of beans.

Fruit Trees.—Make a solution of two pounds of potash and ten gallons of water. Then take a brush and brush the bodies of your fruit trees with this mixture. In two weeks afterwards paint them with a mixture comprised thus:—To each gallon of Soft Soap add one pound flour of sulphur, and one quart of salt—mix the whole well together, and paint the body of each tree from the ground up, as far as you can reach. This done whiten the soil underneath the limbs of the tree with a compost made of seven parts lime and one part salt. If the trees are *young*, the potash solution should have only half the strength—that is, but one pound of potash to ten gallons of water.

If your orchard has not very recently been manured, a bushel of compost comprised of lime, ashes, bone-dust, mould, &c., should be placed around each tree and carefully dug in.

Out-houses.—If you have not already done so, give to your barn, *stables, corn-house, granary, cow-house, poultry-houses, quarters,* and all other out-buildings, as well as *garden, yard* and *lane fences* a thorough white-washing. In so doing, you will promote health and add to the beauty of your establishment. While the brush may be in hand, don't forget your cellar walls, taking care to strew freshly slacked lime over its floor.

Implements and Tools.—If you did not attend to these last month, go at once and thoroughly examine every one *yourself*, and have those that need it repaired without delay. If there be any that are unfit for further use, replace them with new ones at once. The farmer who attempts to cultivate his lands with insufficient implements and tools, consults anything else than his true interest.

Materials for Manure.—Get to work and collect materials for forming compost heaps. Let the accumulation of manure be the chief business of your farm—set apart one man and a horse and cart for the purpose, and see that he does his duty faithfully. If we were asked where the materials are to be found, we would say everywhere—in the marsh, at the heads of rivers and creeks, along the head lands, in the ditches and drains, in the woods, in the fence corners, along the fence sides, in the yards and lanes, and along the roads, in the marl pits and in the shell banks,—the weeds and grass which grow in the salt and fresh water or in the fields—the sea weeds which line our shores, and peat,—in a word, that all things susceptible of decomposition, or possessing a calcareous principle, are the rich elements of manure, and that all such material should be carefully collected and composted together.

Beasts of Labor.—Let these animals, whose strength is now put into such incessant requisition, receive attention commensurate with their services; manifest, by your increased care, that though they be brute beasts, are denied the power of speech, and cannot give tongue to their wants or let their sufferings be known, that you are alive both to the one and the other; that you appreciate their toils, and are willing to prove by your kindness that you are not insensible to the strong claims they have to it. Make it a duty to *see* that they *receive* daily, full allowances of wholesome food, that they get their meals at regular hours, have water as often given them, are provided with well littered beds and good hay at night, get allowances of salt thrice a week, and are *curried* or combed and rubbed down every morning and night. Having mentioned *salt*, we will here remark, that a mixture of *salt, hickory ashes,* and *lime*, in equal portions, would be cheaper, and answer a better purpose than salt alone. Whether they receive salt, or the mixture, they should get about 2 oz. each day; when given to them to be divided so that with each meal they would receive a third of it. By chopping the grain fed to them and mixing it with cut hay or straw they would derive much more benefit than if the grain were fed whole, while, indeed, less would answer.

Milch Cows.—These should be fed with rich slops until the pastures become good. Bran or meal and roots mixed with cut fodder, dashed with a little salt forms a grateful mess and encourages the secretion of milk. Grain slops fed to cows are always paid back with compound interest. No farmer yet lost anything by being humane and provident towards his stock, whether intended for labor, the shambles or the dairy.

Stock of all kinds.—Let these be cared for in a spirit of humanity—see that the young among them are not neglected. Sheep at this season require particular attention and should receive fair allowances of salt, and get a gill of meal daily of some kind until they go out to permanent pasture.

Fences.—If you have not availed yourself of our former advice, go at once and have your fences put into the most thorough state of repair—provide *gates* for every field on your place, and thus set an example to your neighbors that will stir them up to action.

Liming.—If your lands are not already limed, be sure to begin your arrangements to commence that necessary part of every farmer's duty. If you cannot spare the means to lime a large field *entire*, strain a point, and buy as much lime as will do a part of it—the ice once broken—a beginning once made in the purchase of the article, no matter how few hundred bushels if they are applied, the liming of the residue of your farm will prove an easy business.

Curing of Clover.—As you will have cut your clover before we shall have had another opportunity of addressing you, let us advise you *to cut it when it first comes into bloom*; after letting it remain a few hours in swarth, put it into *cocks* and complete your curing in that way.

In taking our monthly leave, we salute you with our best wishes for your health and happiness.

APPLES WITHOUT CORES OR SEEDS.

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

I take the liberty of stating to you what little information I possess with regard to the inquiry of your correspondent, in the April number of the Farmer, respecting apples without cores or seeds. Notwithstanding the incredulity of your friend as to the practicability of thus producing apples, it is unquestionably true.

In 1818, I learned from my friend, S. S. Abbot, Esq., now a worthy and intelligent Attorney at Hamilton, N. Y., and who takes much interest in agricultural matters, the following: That when he was a youth, attending a country school, there stood by the road-side, near the school-house, a barren apple tree. In a freak one day, he and his fellow school boys tore up the tree by the roots, and re-planted it firmly in the ground *inversedly*, with the roots uppermost. Contrary to all expectation, the tree survived, re-rooted, shot forth a new top, and in due time yielded a fine harvest of fruit—*all delicious apples without core or seed.* Such was the character of the fruit ever after. No one could explain this singular freak of nature. At my instance, Mr. Abbot prepared a statement of these facts, and published it in the village newspaper, in Genesee County, N. Y., where we both resided. It, however, elicited no explanatory reply.

When at Toledo, Ohio, in 1843, I happened to mention this matter to my venerable friend, Paul Hawes, who, in New England, in western New York, and lastly in Ohio, had devoted time and attention to the cultivation of choice fruits. Experiments in fruit culture formed a passionate pastime with him. His intelligent countenance at once more than three score and ten at once lighted up, and he said he knew all about it—that he had often experimented in producing fruit without core or seed, and always with success. That he would bend down some low limb so as to insert its top in the earth, and when it had taken root, would cut it asunder from the parent tree; and when of sufficient age, would produce fruit without core or seed. Sometimes, he added, there would be observable, a slight indication of the core, but never of the seed. Mr. Hawes has since paid the debt of nature, or I would write him for a fuller statement.

It is stated in Kidder's Sketches of Brazil, that an orange-grower of the city of Bahia made a fortune by supplying the Emperor Don Pedro's table, at Rio Janeiro, with superior flavored oranges. The best oranges at Bahia are seedless, and the probability is, that these were the kind furnished for the Emperor's table. Two acquaintances of mine who ate of those oranges at Bahia, express the conviction, since I mentioned to them the fact appertaining to the cultivation of coreless and seedless apples, that the seedless Bahia oranges are produced in the same way.

The facts here stated will enable your correspondent and others who may wish to try the experiment, to test its reality for themselves. Perhaps many of our choicest fruits might thus be very materially improved for use. At all events, the knowledge and curiosity of the thing are not unworthy of attention, and further experience may prove this singular mode of producing seedless fruit of much practical benefit. When we bring to mind the increased richness and delicacies of animal food—the capon, for instance, when deprived of the power of re-production, there are surely good grounds to hope and expect that the flavor of fruit would be vastly improved by the process here indicated. L. C. D.

Baltimore county, April 1, 1848.

WIRE FENCE.—This mode of fence is becoming quite common, as we learn from various sources, in the northern part of Illinois. We hear of many pieces of it at various places near Rock River—one of them on the farm of John Smilaber, Esq., in Ogle county, being about two miles in length. The cost generally, as near as we can learn, is about 35 cents to the rod. It is said to answer a most admirable purpose against all stock but swine. Cattle and horses particularly, after having their noses well sawed once by it, can scarcely be got near it again. A portable fence might easily be made of this material.—*Prairie Farmer.*

THE CURCULIO.—In a recent letter of Mr. Longworth, to one of the daily papers in Cincinnati, he says he has had but two crops of plums in thirty years, where his "trees were not set in a brick pavement, and that where this protection against the curculio has been adopted, he has not lost a crop from the ravages of this insect for eighteen years past. His plum trees are planted close to the house, where persons are constantly passing at the very time these insects are most destructive, and the brick pavements around the trees extend beyond the branches. Salt has had a fair trial in that vicinity, and has failed entirely."

ASPARAGUS.—A correspondent of Downing's Horticulturist raises shoots of Asparagus, which he says are without exaggeration as large as a hoe handle, and perfectly tender and succulent, by this method. One part hen dung to 10 parts of stable manure, are spread two inches thick, in autumn, and forked in. The next spring this is turned over slightly, and a coating of a quarter of an inch of salt added. This dissolves by rain, and kills every weed while it promotes a vigorous growth of Asparagus. He cuts his Asparagus when six inches high, wholly above ground, and then it is perfectly tender.

POTATOES FOUND ON THE MOUNTAIN ORIZABA.—M. M. Sciede & Dieppe, in a letter to Baron A. Humboldt, giving an account of their ascent of the great volcano of Orizaba in Mexico, mention that they found the potato in a wild state, at the height of 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was about three inches and a half high, with large blue flowers, and the potatoes about the size of hazel-nuts.

EFFECT OF SUBSOILING.—We perceive by a letter from George Seaborn, Esq., of Pendleton, S. C., published in the Southern Cultivator, that he made an experiment last year, to test the utility of subsoiling corn land—the result was, that the ground subsoiled produced 26 per cent. more than that which was simply ploughed.

LARGE CROPS OF CORN.—Mr. John Hasleft in Sassafras Neck, in this county, raised last season *eleven hundred* bushels of corn on ten acres of ground. He thinks he can beat Captain Bell. If the coming season be propitious, the captain intends to show some of these gentlemen where his crops first started."—*Cecil Whig.*

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE, who was the only one of the family to advise Louis Philippe not to ascend the throne, when offered to him as Duke of Orleans, was the only one of them who had sufficient courage to advise him not to leave it, saying, that "A King should die in the midst of his subjects." The abdication plot had been long got up in Louis Philippe's own family, and was ripe at the time, but failed as being too late.